

the exclusion of anything else. Every other doctrine should shrivel into insignificance. Instead of this, they talk about it in an apologetic and half-hearted way. Some of them refuse to express themselves. Others say: 'We do not know, it is none of our business.' When the avowed adherents of a dogma can do no better in its defense than a published interview indicates, the clergymen themselves are evidently about ready to join the popular revolt against hell."

"The view of hell which has made it a molten fire," said a clergyman of the Established Church, "into which all but the saved are cast and out of which they will never be able to come out and in which they cannot die and that little children are there, is swiftly being cast into the shade. Thousands of men in all churches doubt it, if they do not deny it, and few preachers preach it as of old. The whole religious world has toned down the ideal so often and so much that we may as well, at the first as last, say it has been overdrawn for purposes of policy, to terrify men into religion. We need to take a nobler view, and we must if we are to retain for the service of Christ the thought of this age."

The following, from a Presbyterian, will be read with interest, when it is compared with the doctrines popularly believed to be taught by his church: "The throne of God is a great white throne of judgment. Every heart beat, every swinging of the pendulum, every tick of your watch, as you hold it to your ear, tells of the flight of the soul to the throne of God. There are two great judgment seats beyond comparison, Christ standing at the world's bar long years ago and is even standing there to-day, asking 'What think ye of me?' but, bye and bye, when we stand before the great white throne, it will be 'What Christ thinks of us.' Think of the possible disclosures of that great day, for we are all wearing masks. There isn't a word in the Bible about eternal punishment for temporal sin."

The humble writer of these lines has no desire or ambition to set up his opinion against men whose business it is to investigate matters of this kind, but I would remark that there is no truth we are more wont to cover up and

evade than this of retribution. The sum of all history is God's benignancy toward the right and overthrow of the wrong, and no nation, even though God's chosen nation, can persist in wrong without feeling the final swing and blow of his punishment. Retribution is the teaching of history, and the strangeness of our spiritual blindness is that while we recognize this, we vaguely hope to escape the penalty of violated Scriptural law. God affords opportunity for repentance, and we are free to chose deliverance or retribution. It is the greatest temerity in the world to doubt a truth, which is supported by all the facts of history of physical life and of God's revelation through Christ. All this brings to my mind the story of a missionary who was endeavoring to convert an Indian. The heathen made a little circle in the sand and said, "That is what Indian knows." Then he made another circle a little larger and said, "That is what missionary knows, but outside there the Indian knows just as much as missionary."

Every part of even the smallest animal's structure is or has been of use to him; otherwise it never would have been developed. This fact is suggested to my mind by a story I heard the other day concerning a well-known lawyer of this city. He had never been to a circus in his life, and when an opportunity arose, while in the east, of going to a menagerie, he thought he would take it in. Moving around through the tent to where the camels were, he said to the keeper of the menagerie: "Can you tell me, my friend, what the hump on that animal's back is for?"
 "What's it for?"
 "Yes. Of what value is it?"
 "Well, it's lots of value. The camel wouldn't be no good without it."
 "Why not?"
 "Why not? You don't suppose people 'ud pay to see a camel widout any hump on, do yer?"

Some people are a little too particular about figures. The other evening, a society lady remarked to a gentleman friend: "I have crossed the ocean eleven times."

The smart young man adjusted his monocle and said:

"Ah? Born abroad?"

"No, indeed. Why do you ask?"

"Because, if you were born in this

country and crossed the ocean eleven times you would now be on the other side, don't you know?"

The lady figured a moment on the tips of her pretty fingers and fled.

Another story I heard a few evenings ago, was of a young man who had been boarding for a long time at the Driard. Finally the young fellow got married, and, in some way or other, he and his bride and father-in-law stopped at the hotel for a meal or two. As the bride was arranging her toilet, the old man rubbed his hands and said:

"Well, son-in-law, couldn't we go and have a little drink? Let's go to the bar."

"Oh, I never have indulged," answered the benedict, apparently shocked. "Indeed, I don't know where the bar is."

"Well, you can inquire of some of the employees, you know. Come along."

The employee, who was asked, grinned slyly and pointed to the barroom.

When they arrived, the bartender smiled to the young man and said: "How are you to-day?" calling him by name. The old man looked surprised and ordered a cocktail.

"I suppose same old thing for you?" said the bartender to the young man, pulling out a bottle of Scotch whisky.

I received the following letter this week from a young lady:

DEAR SIR:—I read your article last week on the subject of ugly girls, and really I must confess to have experienced much pleasure thereat. Now, I come to you for advice. I have two lovers; one is a merchant and rich, the other is a professional man and poor. I am not constituted on the plan of women who marry for love; with me it will be purely a business transaction. No I (the merchant) is not nearly so agreeable a gentleman as the professional man. Now, I want you to decide upon the best man, and I will marry him. Yours truly, Lucy.

Lucy, you have a pretty name, and even if you are inspired with mercenary motives, you doubtless deserve a good husband. If I were not a married man and the father of a family, I would be inclined to advise you to marry neither. Such being the case, however, I am in a position to treat your case impartially. Union, Lucy, is not marriage. Soul marries soul. A